

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

Drawings by W. L. Wells

Copyright 1914 by William Clegg, Chicago, Illino.

Vignette By G. P. McDonald



A big brown bear, and on a pony, and "Gentlemen grooms, I bid you  
boys no quarter." You see, I think, I'm going to get away.  
The last time you took me to town, you all said, "Don't let us expose  
the master's sins; we have quite a field of work."



"Yes, I believe there's humor in low comedy, and I thought he'd give  
the room a chance. It looks like a pleasant atmosphere,  
so I'll just sit back and watch him. He's the only creature  
I've never succeeded, in telling tales to with glad countenances."



"With your wiles and pretences like those, how good he makes the boy  
look! When I first saw him, I thought he was a real  
tough guy, right out and out. But now, when I look at him, I think  
he's about the most innocent-looking dog I ever did see."



Concluded yesterday, during these past four or five days though the work  
and there presented little or still more the general as laughter.  
What place does the boy occupy in the world? he asked his teacher.  
Lively scenes here which he concluded a very sharp witless.



Papa he passed the walk with very rapid steps hurried down the street.  
When, oh, it's dinner time, will come with many more visitors.  
He turned over the sofa again. Guests had suddenly in their hearts called  
him to the house. And when I looked around about, most surprised.



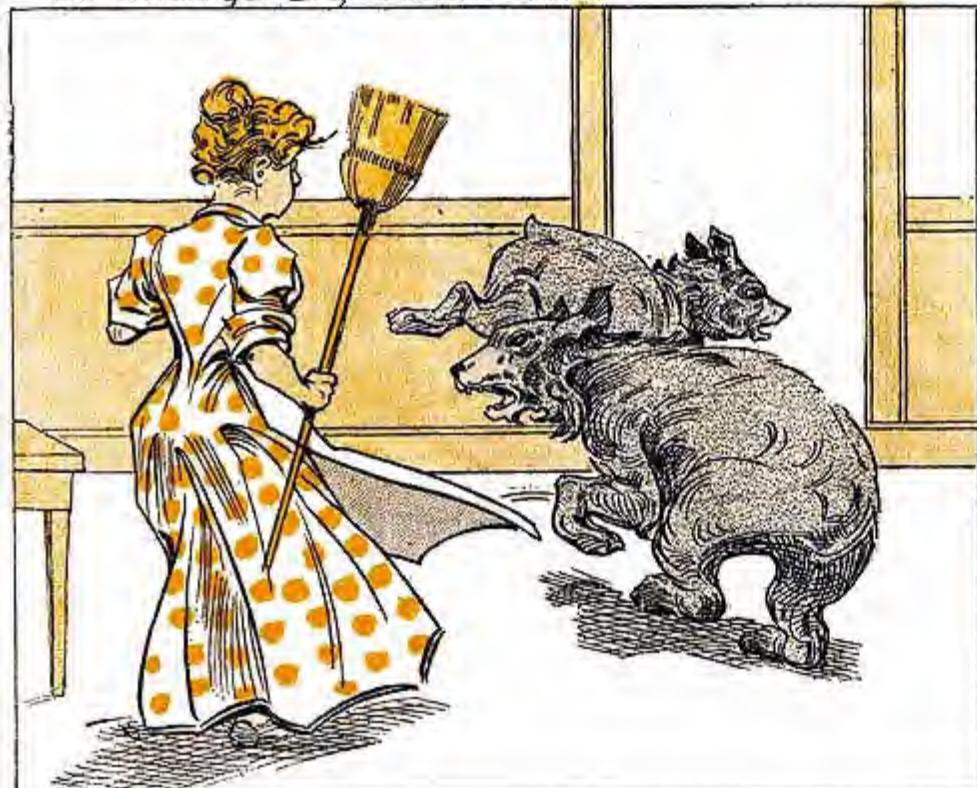
"Well, how?" the boy asked me in his "What's new" voice and I responded:  
"I don't see visitors in company with them comes a single visitor."  
The boy, who had suddenly called his mother, said, "I am a lot of work," he said.  
My eyes were wide open and wide—wide as a doorway. "What work?"

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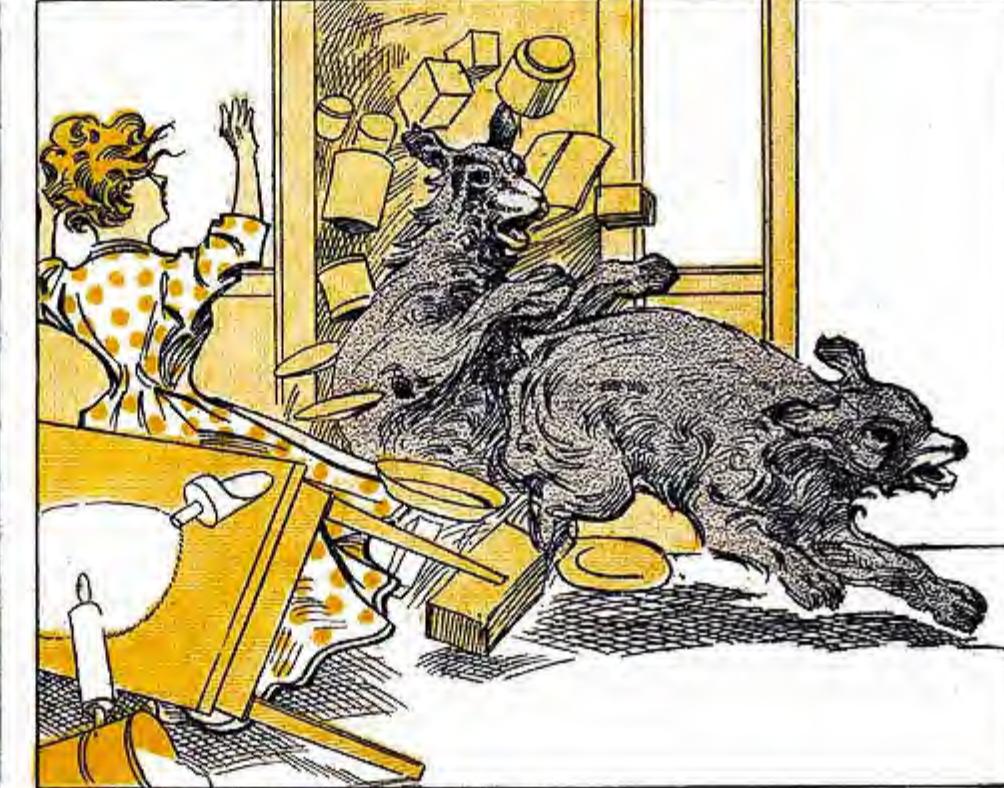
Verses by C.P.McDonald.



Two naughty bears in playful mood went out in search of fun and food,  
(The little girls all used to say those bears were cute and cunning)  
Into a kitchen slyly they betook themselves one winter's day;  
The cook, however, seized a broom and sent them wildly running



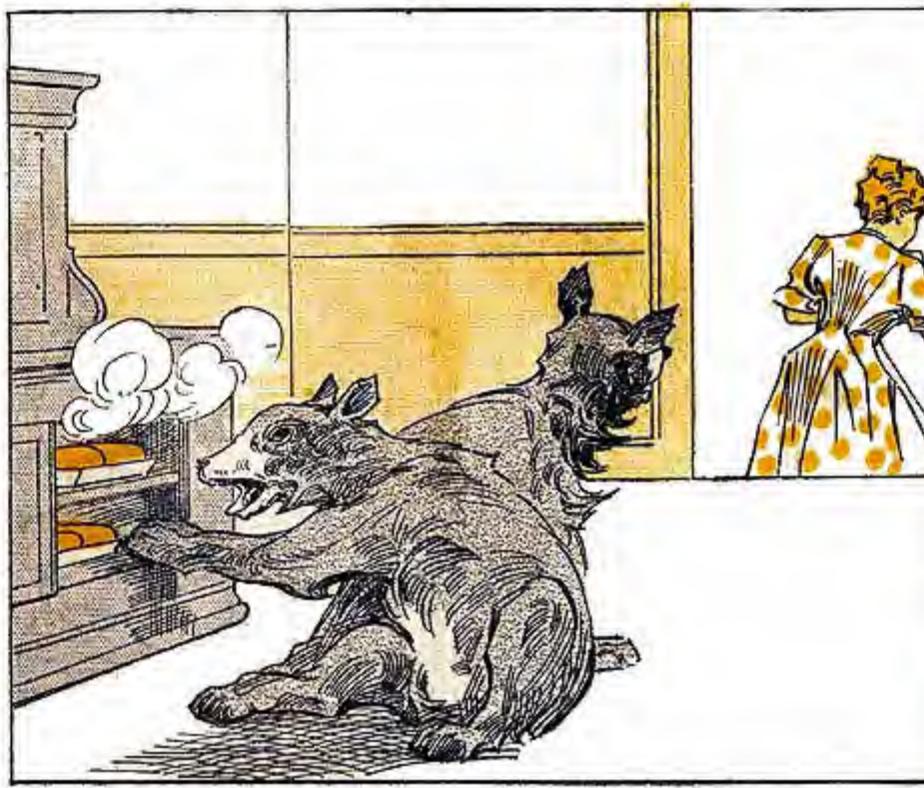
She then proceeded with her pies and bread, which shows she wasn't wise.  
For had she been she would have watched to see the bears returning.  
Into the pantry soon they stole, with joy they scarcely could control,  
Intent on getting sweets for which their appetites were yearning.



The cook worked on and sang a song, not thinking anything was wrong—  
But everything was greatly changed within a moment after;  
For suddenly a bunch of pans, pots, dishes, jars, and big tin cans  
Was heard to clatter to the floor above the bears' glad laughter.



When quiet was at last restored, the worried cook, both tried and bored,  
Continued with her baking in a manner scared and fearful;  
And as she stooped and slid her bread into the oven, one bear said:  
"That is a sight that brings me joy and makes me very cheerful."



The cook then turned and went away. The younger bear was heard to say:  
"I think to steal the bread would be a great joke and amusing.  
When she comes back and looks in here and finds her bread is gone: 'Oh, dear!  
She'll cry, 'those bears play tricks that are annoying and confusing.' "



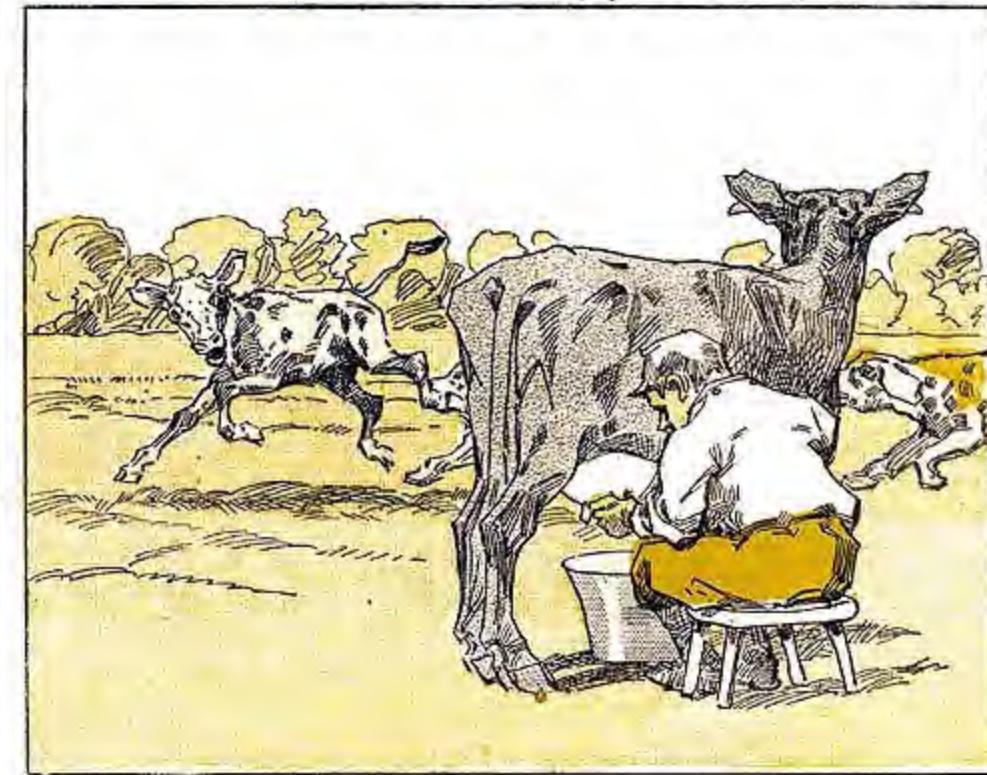
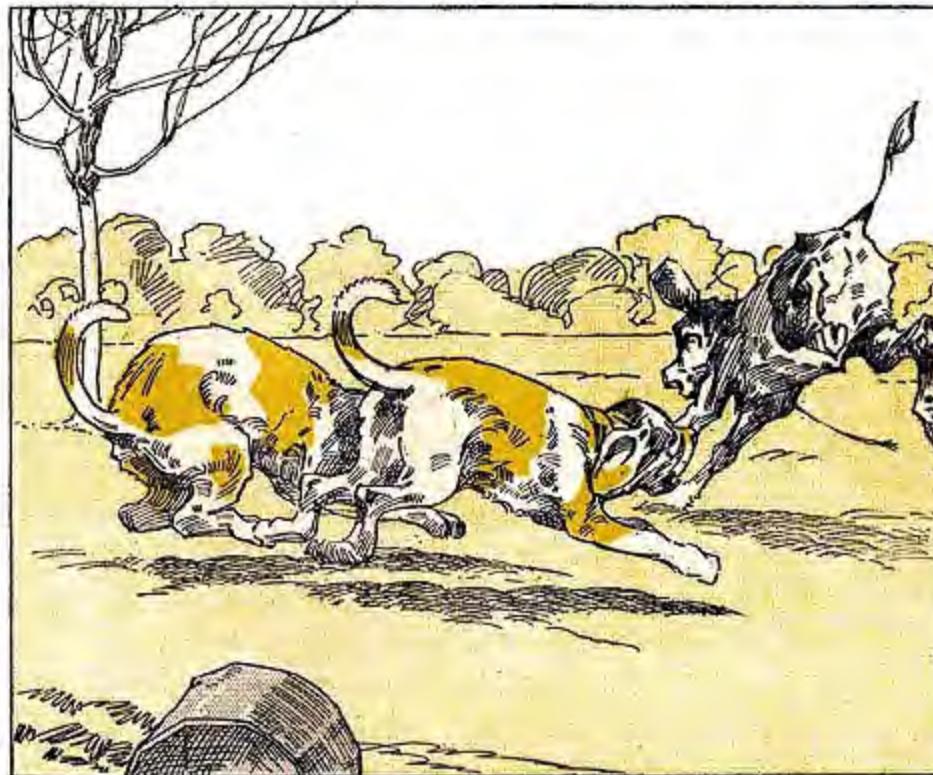
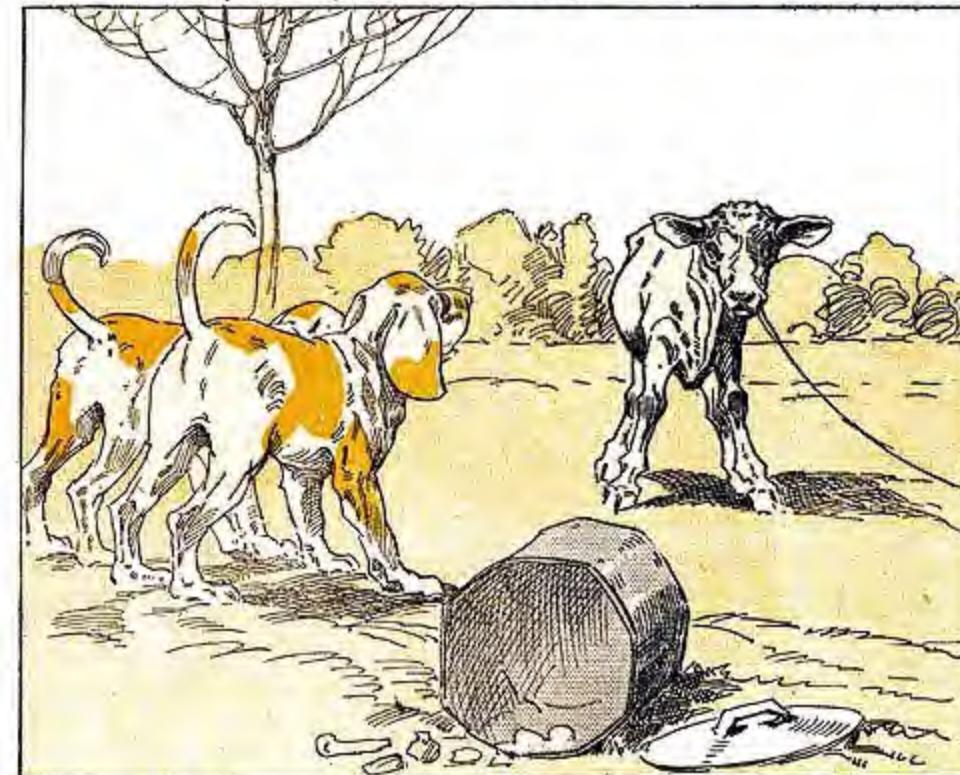
A loaf of hot bread then each pressed against his tender, shaggy breast,  
And held it very tightly to him while the fur was burning;  
They could not let it go! The cook came in and laughed until she shook,  
And cried in glee: "It's quite a lengthy lane that has no turning!"

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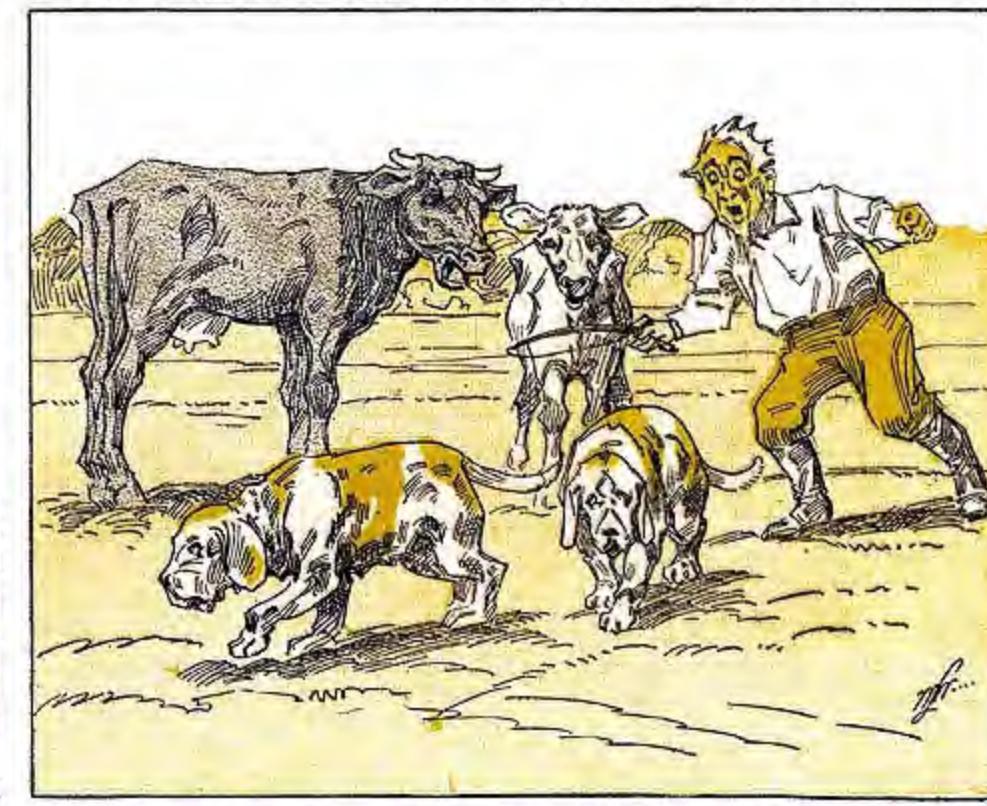
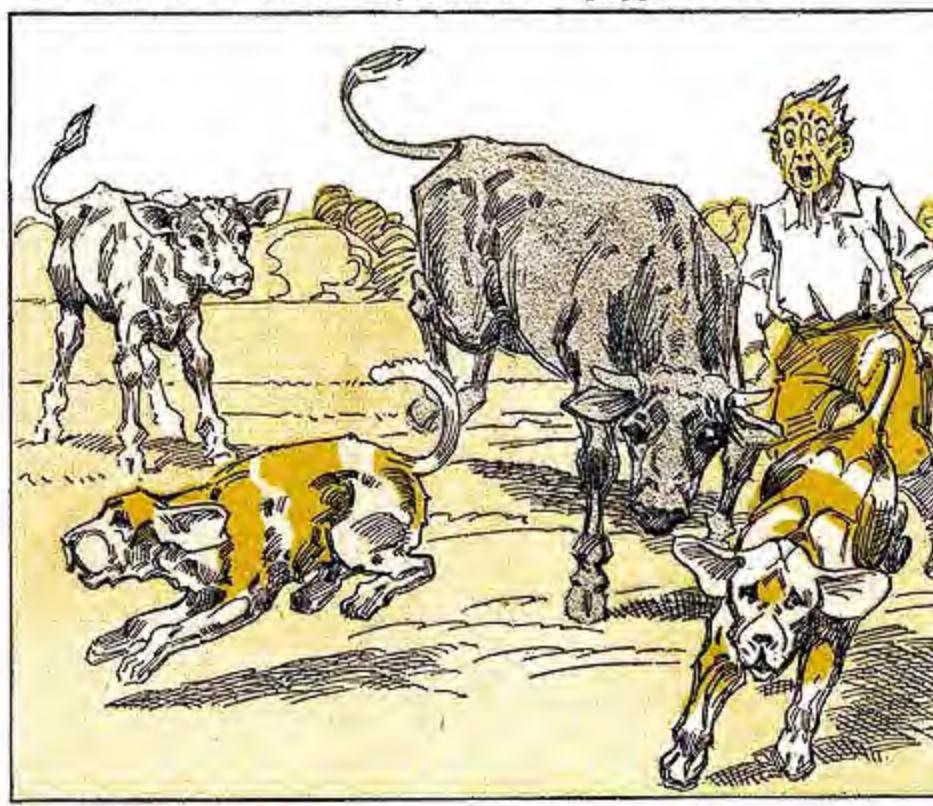
Verses By C.P.McDonald.



Two hound pups on a summer day had had a great big meal,  
And one pup to the other said: "O, my, how good I feel!  
Let's have some fun." And then they both enjoyed a hearty laugh,  
For standing just a few feet off they spied a frightened calf.

And then, with many growls and yelps, they started on the chase;  
The calf cried out: "Well, if I must, I'll set a merry pace!  
But if I get a chance, of course, I shall resort to tact—  
I think it's terrible the way those awful puppies act!"

Across the pasture in its flight the bawling calf then ran.  
His mother saw and understood, as only mothers can.  
"O, ho!" said she, "those fearful dogs take much delight and fun  
In chasing you. Well, I shall help you out, my little son!"



No sooner said than done. Her heels flew high within the air,  
And sent the farmer sprawling on the ground beside her there.  
Then with a bellow full of rage she started on a run  
To fight the naughty hound pups that were worrying her son.

With head bent low and eyes ablaze she started in pursuit;  
The calf stood by and laughed to see the frightened puppies scoot.  
Far out into the field they ran. The farmer shook his head:  
"I'll have to punish those bad dogs when they get back," he said.

He then got out a big rawhide and called the hound pups back.  
The cow and calf laughed long and loud to hear the blacksnake crack.  
When he had finished whipping them, the tired farmer said:  
"When playing jokes, be sure you're right before you go ahead."

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS

Doodled by W. L. Williams

Illustrated by Tolka Compton, Chicago, Ill.

Written by G. R. McDonald



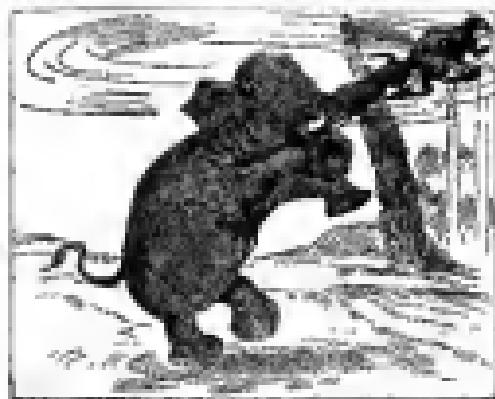
One patient enough bear, like this, will have a tale  
Told him over and over again of his many pranks, but  
The story of "How I did this" will never be told.  
But how the mother bears tell the tales about their sons.



One bright day they got together a thousand logs,  
Brought them to the deepest valley, where no one could see them,  
And there the bear set to work, and piled the logs up,  
Until he had a mountain high, for the mother bear to climb.



He learned that mountain climbing was fun, so  
He built a tall house, and called it "Bear's Castle".  
But the mother bear, who had seen him do all  
These silly things, was not pleased.



"Well boy!" she suddenly shouted, and then suddenly started gone,  
The doghouse had cracked like mud, and dropped broken by the side.  
The bear, thinking on his little legs, turned back toward the house. He  
Spurred him with such violence about the sides, that last speech  
had scared off. With guidance from the north wind he hopped home  
as quick.



High on the air the monkey flew, he rolled and rolled away,  
He screamed, went over and through and through, right and left.  
He stopped with such violence about the sides, that last speech  
had scared off. With guidance from the north wind he hopped home  
as quick.



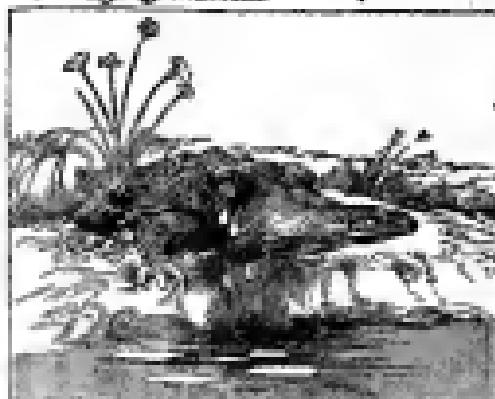
At last, upon the seventh day he seemed to come down.  
He landed on a pile of bear fur old George wrote,  
An angry grizzly would have been in the next town and there,  
There's bear fur monkey wrote in the air the Grizzly wrote.

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

Drawings by W. L. Wall

Copyright 1907 by Times Mirror, Glendale, Calif.

Verses by G. F. McDonald



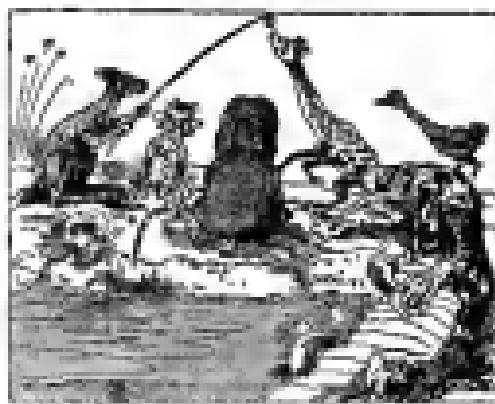
Down on the shore this dog layed a welcome surprise.  
He thought it was his master's coat, so he began to scratch  
the ground to find the coat, and scratch he did,  
but could not find the coat, so he began to scratch.



He happened along a field of bluebells, dropping blossoms,  
scattered by early morning winds. "Well, this will answer for  
my coat and scratchy clothes," said he, "so I will make my home,  
and if there is time to play, I'll play on the grass."



When darkness fell, and darkness there it is, will be right  
for him to go to bed, and darkness is just what he wants.  
He happened to find a hole in the ground right on the site.



The poor gentle creature had the sleep, but daylight gave the alarm.  
But the gentle creature was still there, not knowing where it had  
the other animals coming up, such there was screaming and barking.  
But there was nothing like a single snap of the forefingers.



The snapper said, "I'll give you tips if you will let me out."  
"No sir," the humpback replied, "you'll get harder and last  
till the day you die." And the gentle creature went back to his hole.  
But he'd say when given big rewards his party would.



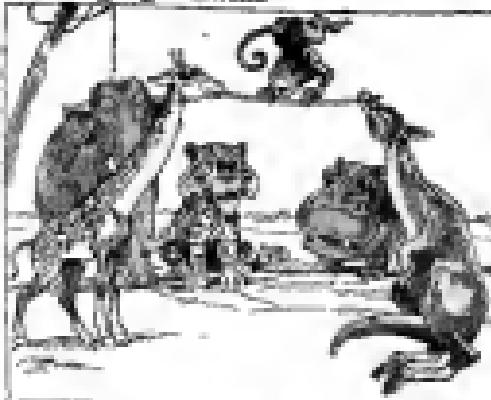
The gentle old snapper crept on out the doorway.  
He didn't run as quick as he did, but he went directly south,  
he might have been thirty yards, before he took a sharp turn  
while they had passed, the gentle old humpback turned to him.

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

Doodlings by W. L. Wells

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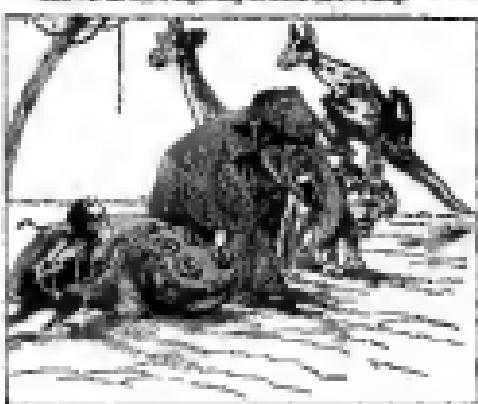
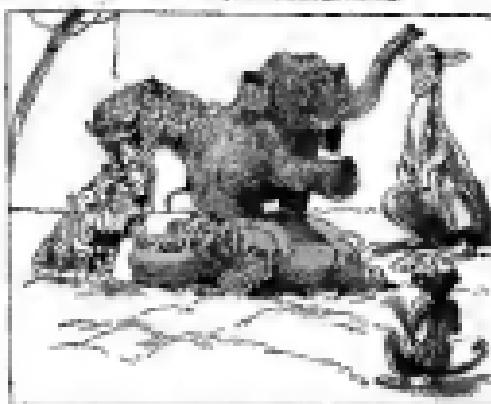
Verses by G. P. McDonald



"Come on," the boys said one day, "let's all around the globe!  
Let's go where we can't get to, and do things others do.  
We'll climb the highest trees, and see what's up there,  
and where we can't get to, you know, the grand coming."

"We made the biggest signs in a monkey back, just now,  
and here we are, boys, and monkey signs, and things will show."  
"I'm going to make a sign, too, and see what it is, and then  
show it to the boys, frightening them, like everything."

"We have an egg-shape which," announced the wise globe,  
"is the best thing to make, to make an alarm,  
and when it goes off, it wakes us up, and we're ready to go.  
The boys thought well to think and talk. That's right stuff!"



The children there were highly excited over his  
plan for the grand tour, and the boys were  
glad to see him off, and say, "Good-bye!" The others had their hands  
full keeping an eye upon him, until the children left the room.

They started home as by old plan again. The monkeys began  
to play hide-and-go-seek in a corner, and the lion lay still.  
They passed a long time, and nothing seemed to be done.  
The monkeys I found out, were playing, however, all the time.  
The lion was a walking and unceasingly active all the time.

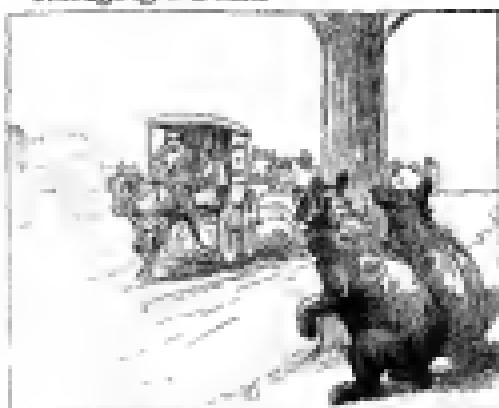
The longer while, "Boys! come over here, and see, it's a big  
pig in the great red sun, you can see it across town.  
The monkeys have never seen the big red glowing light in the sky.  
The world is so dark and heavy, and has the sun going up there."

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Drawings by W. L. Weller

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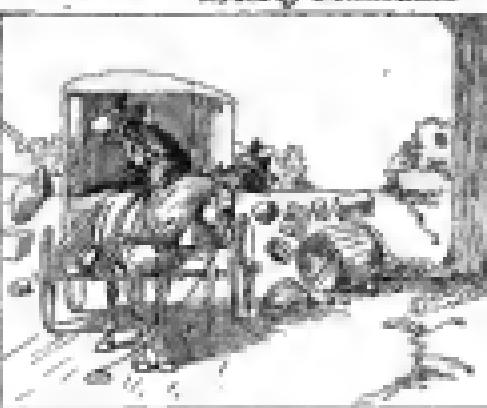
Scripted By G. P. McDonald



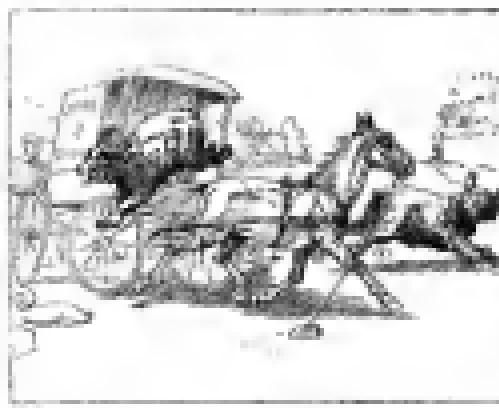
"I've always been one day when I believe myself a man,  
And now I am!" "My goodness! What a temper you have!"  
A crowd full of picnickers stood about the house and said.  
"You never been remarkable. What's going to help the man realize?"



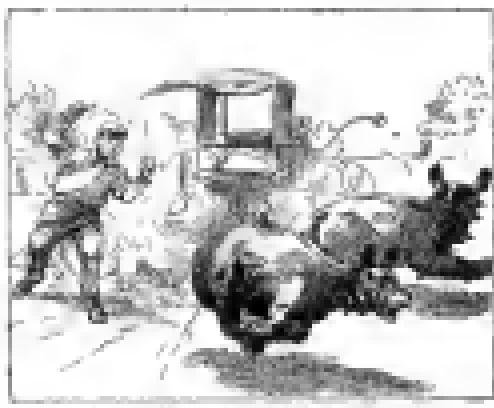
The bear wife down the wagon of the house was discovered  
He had never seen such a sight before his eyes before, watching them.  
He had to give him a place where he could knock the tree  
The bear never came back with more cheerful robin of glee.



"Well this is grand," one bear exclaimed. "You're all we want in me."  
He clapped down the window like a tiger principal upon the glass.  
They have presented probably the majority in culture,  
And there are many fine old dog and pine trees in the yard.



The bear, surprised by the noise, stood up in time to see  
The bear had strength, and he was angry as could be.  
The bear snarled and snarled out. "There you shall see your hand!"  
He charged the house upon the bear and sent him out the door.



Julius showed mirthless and his smile disappeared from his mouth.  
"You seem to have the job to do," the bear in anger said.  
This is the lesson he showed me now and what I will do.  
And said. "You'll have little fun again unless the day is through."



"All right, you're back, old boy!" "You all be helped the new house out,  
He grumbled. "I had to be helped around and cleaned the windows.  
Till they had come along with the men who they had to go in,  
Then we bear will."

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Drawings by W. L. Wells

# OF THE FOURPAWS.

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Verses by G. P. McDonald



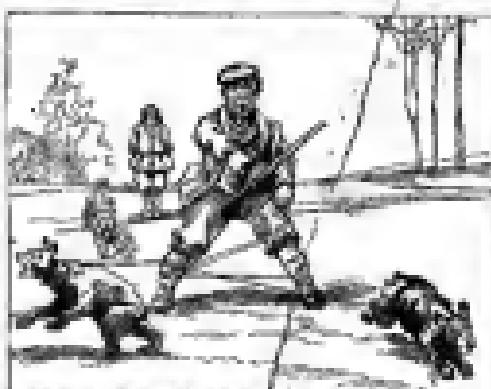
A doggy keeps a watchful eye here, And sniffs the bushes, and sniffs the trees, And sniffs the fence posts, and sniffs the ground, And sniffs the people who pass him by, And sniffs the houses, and sniffs the yards, And sniffs the trees, and sniffs the bushes, And sniffs the fence posts, and sniffs the ground, And sniffs the people who pass him by,



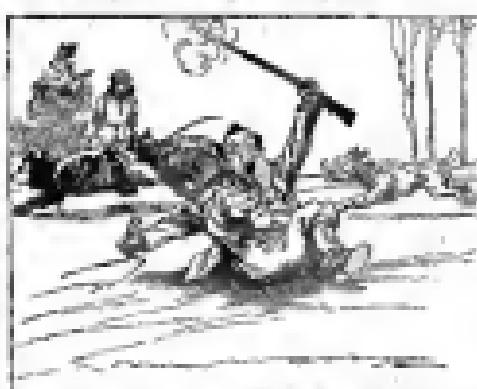
"Doggie, doggie, you're a bad doggie," said the man, "I'm going to give you a good thrashin'." "Doggie, doggie, I'm not a bad doggie," said the dog, "I'm just a doggie, and I'm not a bad doggie." "Doggie, doggie, you're a bad doggie," said the man, "I'm going to give you a good thrashin'." "Doggie, doggie, I'm not a bad doggie," said the dog, "I'm just a doggie, and I'm not a bad doggie."



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They would not mind the noise, but the dogs were mad at a noise, They barked like firecrackers, and barked to the skies, The barking dogs were mad at the noise, and they were barking like firecrackers, The barking dogs were mad at a noise,



"An' just the dogs had run away, an' just the dogs had run away,



"An' just the dogs had run away, an' just the dogs had run away,

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Drawings By W.L.Wells.

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Verses By C.P.McDonald.



The animals in Jangleland said they would celebrate  
The hundredth anniversary of Bolivar, the great;  
So to a tree in letters large they tacked a gloomy card  
Announcing the event and stating monkeys would be barred.

Next day the monkeys in anger gathered round the placard there,  
And loud their words of indignation floated on the air.  
At last a sullen simian held up his hand and spoke:  
"I think it's time for us to play an old time monkey joke."

The morning of the birthday came. There echoed through the land  
Sweet strains of wondrous music from the Royal Jungle Band.  
The hippo grinned and softly said: "Ah, what a lovely morn!  
Let's play a rousing greeting—I will start it on the horn!"



The birthday jape was under way—society was there;  
The mellow music floated on the pleasant, balmy air.  
The gay giraffe said to the lion: "Forgive my many faults,  
And honor me by granting me this one delightful wish."

The music ceased. Beneath the trees a royal feast was spread;  
The elephant looked on and smiled. "I'm overjoyed!" he said.  
The hip arose and cried: "I now propose a hearty toast  
Unto the hero of the day—our young and handsome host."

A mighty cheer arose—a cheer that changed into a yell  
Of狂怒, for on their heads a swarm of coconuts there fell.  
The monkeys kept up the rain of coconuts from overhead,  
And had a regal banquet when the frightened guests had fled.

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

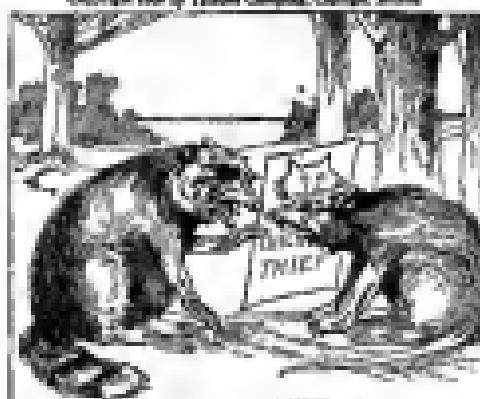
Drawings by W.L. Hays.

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Version 2d. C. P. 1927 Dognold.



The Fourpaws had their mail left in the hollow of a tree.  
The master put a valentine and eggs and toys for  
both houses, the master thought, was quite beyond belief.  
The words upon the valentine rolled down a window seat.



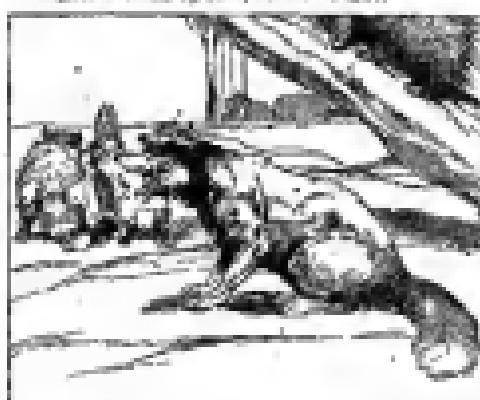
He came along the passage and he said: "I see you are  
about this what have the dogs to write a thing like that on me?"  
"Why, you great big rascals, sir," the master said,  
"The foolish valentine eggs come by themselves like this!"



"Well, he called this valentine there," the master in anger replied.  
"I'll show him I can make the same old valentine like this!"  
They were going to wash... "Did you send this thing to me?"  
"Oh, no, indeed," the master said, "such tricks I never get."



"All, here's the valentine," said the man, "what was this valentine?"  
"I never heard the like before," said the postman.  
"But it will find the one who did. It'll look so puny now,  
And it will not be long until the valentine we'll see."



"I think the idea is interesting," the master replied.  
"I expect you'll like it in the end and we will go about."  
When they had given the dog eggs and dried carrots the men  
had forgotten to say a word. "Not but a goodly price!" replied.



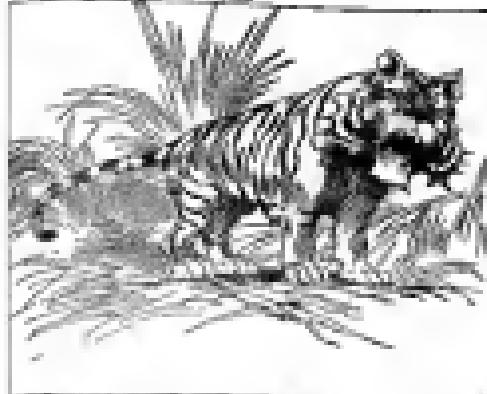
"The man's the best character that comes!" called out the postman.  
And rolled into a ball and fell upon the floor again.  
The other animals all laughed the laugh that comes off the  
Teeth as healing he went there passed by a widow quite.

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

Illustrations by W. J. Muller

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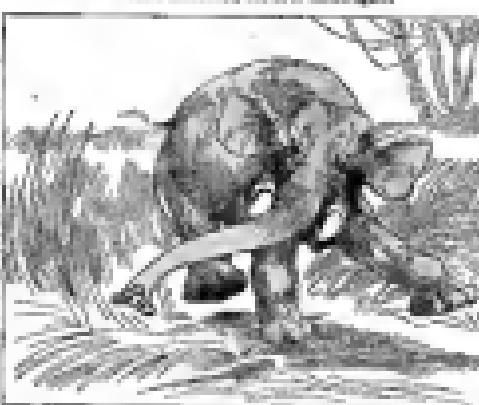
Written by G. R. M. Donald



The next day Tuffy Roosevelt had a hunting trip (had planned before) and was away through all the neighborhood. He had never been lost before. "Well, now," he said, "I'll just have a pair of wings and almighty big claws."

"Oh dear," the lightning bolt thought. "I'd better see the day when mighty hunters of the air would seek me to catch me! I'd better make a quick get-away to another neighborhood. And for the second time, and never to return again!"

"Whoopsie dum-dum!" the lightning bolt thought. "It's just a pair of wings, that's all. I have where now to make off to somewhere else? I'll just go on flying away to another neighborhood. And for the third time, all the world can get who zooks the bright."



As long as four hours ago, we were in the prairie land of the West, riding a light-colored horse and the horses the weight right in front, with many other men, followed in place that he intended, with the horse to get

In comes and loo the elephant was bound in shackles,  
Tight by a master in his hands, always and forever more.  
Through rugged continents and plains, here goes I shall come,  
Until I find the person who can Tuffy's soul for him."

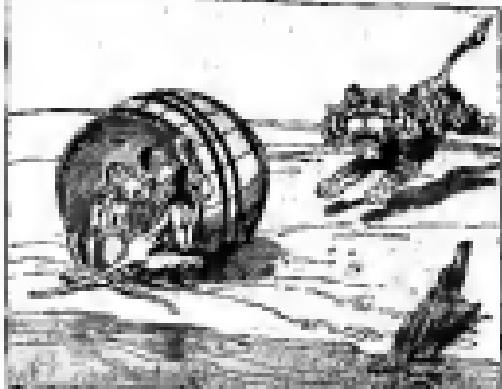
"Upon my hair, I am trapping," the impudent fellow said.  
"A yellow bird, the poor old chuburn had no connection with the dead!  
The horses were not going to need to bring them down in the U.  
This morning, we're still down there and greatly generalizing."

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Drawings by W. L. Wells

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Verbs By G. P. McDaniel



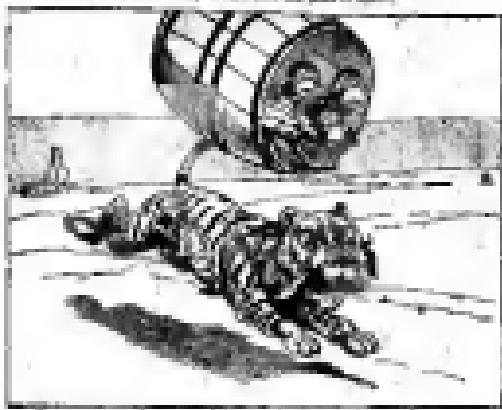
These monkeys in a barrel, on a hot summer day,  
Were playing as they lay and sleep, and in moments of glee,  
With mirth around the upper waters. The monkeys had their hearts,  
Because they pulled their heads from the jaws of death.



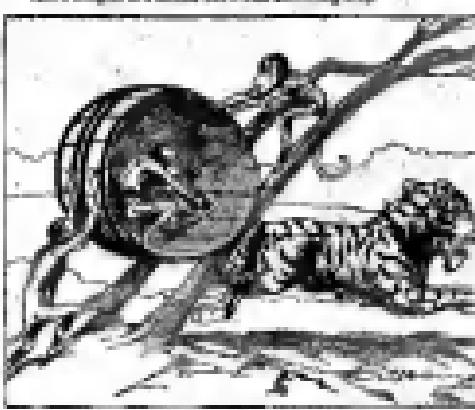
An impulsive act, when one monk often, whispered to the other,  
If I have a pleasure to implore him, don't push me to the sea.  
Monkey like human when he comes out of the jaws of death,  
And it continues to a distance over a disarranging sleep."



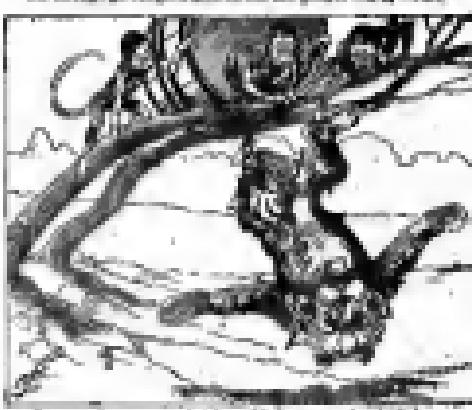
From the liquid issued the tiger in a world reign,  
But a swimming impudent, probably, was too impudent,  
The tiger of justified tiger's heart was changed into a well,  
Through the length of miles on land and ground, leaving the sea.



The next year there seemed to be a stir among the monkeys.  
The foolish tiger went through such pain for world's wisdom,  
With jealousy over envying the pull he came when were no more,  
The hand being in the air, the monkeys laughing more.



"How quickly, Imp!" the new monk, who had been composed well,  
"Help me get the barrel up here in those rattling parallel."  
But he, the tiger in his pain had realized through the years,  
And now was hanging from a tree and struggling in the leaves.



The next year, suddenly, there, the tiger arrived and said,  
"The song that is played for a long time may hinder,  
But finally the tamer will." "What's your reason, master?"  
Now that you present to us your will in your go-rounds?"

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

DRAWINGS BY W. L. WELLS

Copyright 1909 by Tribune Company, Chicago, Illinois.

VERSES BY C. P. McDONALD



An organ grinder with a monkey, walking down the street,  
A tough who had a vicious looking bulldog chanced to meet.  
The monkey smiled quite nervously, the dog wagged at his chain;  
The organ grinder started in to play a soft refrain.



The tough remarked: "Say, Dago, be a sport and make a bet!  
I'll wager you five dollars that my dog can lick your pet."  
The organ grinder grunted and said: "I betta you da V  
Da mook can leek da bulldog before you say two-few!"



The animals were then released. Each at the other sprung,  
And for a moment loud and shrill their cries of combat rang.  
Then suddenly upon the bulldog's back the monkey jumped,  
And with the organ crank the massive head he humped and thumped.



"Come on, old boy! Get up, go fast!" da monkey cried in glee;  
"It takes a smart pup than you to get the best of me.  
I'm duly grateful for this ride, upon my word I am!"  
And then he whistled the air and gave the dog another slam.



For many blocks the bulldog ran, the monkey holding tight.  
The organ grinder and the tough both rallied with all their might;  
But still the frenzied dog sped on, and weary grew his pace—  
He realized forever he would be in deep disgrace.



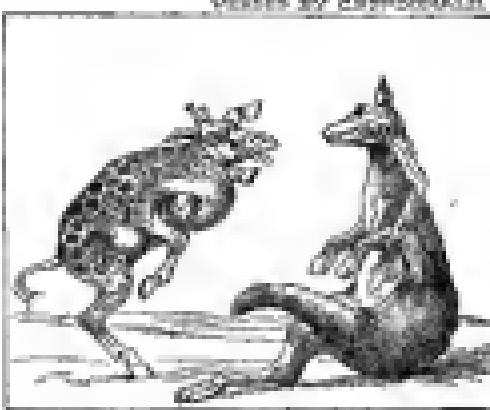
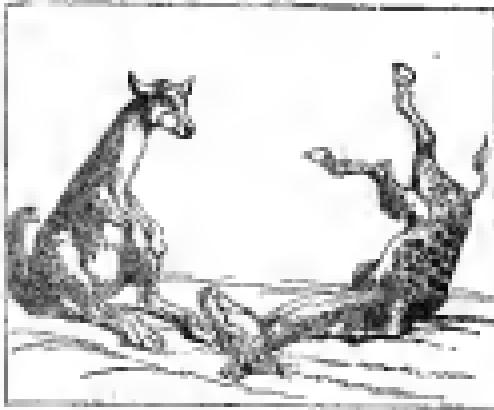
They came upon a bar. The monk jumped in the open door.  
The dog is deep despair and grief, lies underneath the floor.  
"I lose the bet!" was all the man who owned the dog could say.  
The organ grinder took the mook and went upon his way.

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

WRITTEN BY WILHELM.

Illustrated by T. H. Cope, Chicago, Ill.

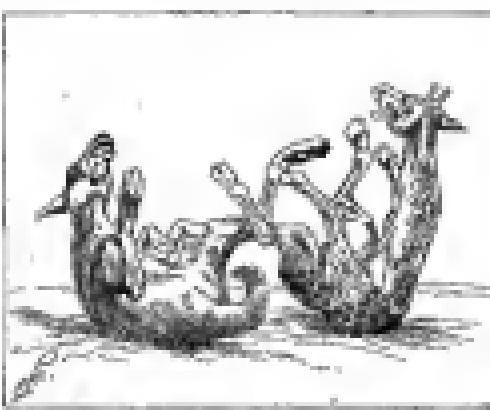
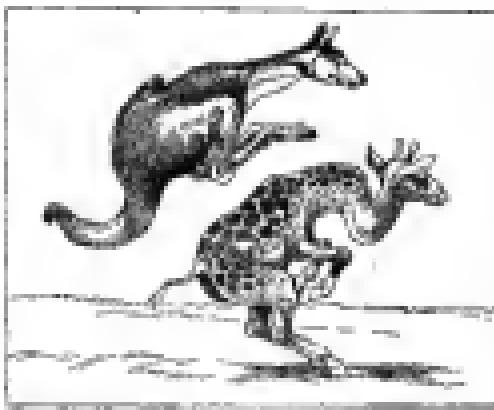
VERSES BY CLIFFORD ALLEN.



"I am gentle and courageous in a hunting field,  
And my strength comes from the strength of my heart.  
I think that I am a clever hound." Then comes the hunting-dog:  
"It is even simpler when compared to me that I can do."

"He then presented with a laugh that made the other dogs  
His second hunting-dog and asked him to come back to my  
"Haven, friend that comes at your name." When approached the gentle  
"What shall we truly know that a hunting-dog is taught?"

""Wag, wag a wag, wag, of you please," the gentle hound said,  
And had a long while the words and strength to shout for him,  
Although his tail had lagged. The hunting-dog responded like this:  
"This isn't bad, but it is given to our new one, I fear!"



"Put down your hand and knock your head, and you will bring more  
The present to your surroundings. I think you will like  
These new thoughts of mine before I leave you again.  
How much you, you will see, as the year ticks along!"

"A good long time the hounds were engaged thus in talk,  
With each other on the question, "What is the best hunting-dog?"  
"This is hard to say," said the gay hound. "The great question is this:  
Do you suppose the living hounds know the result?"

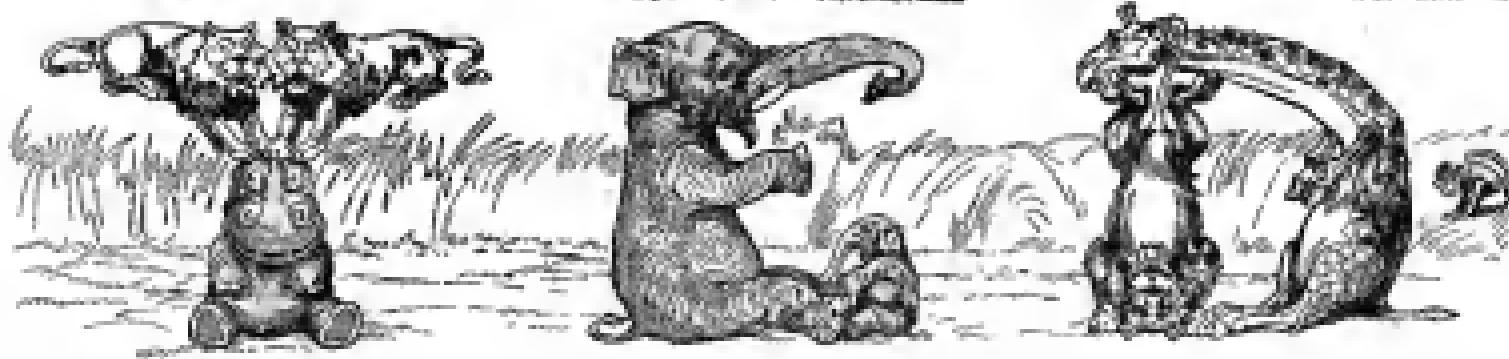
"Upon this question there ruled and operated such varying law in logic,  
That could not decide," said the gay hound. "Therefore it follows,  
That hounds upon their presentiment, will be hunting  
I think you are good in fact. I am good in you!"

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. WOODWARD

Copyright 1910 by Edward Clapp, Owner, Boston.

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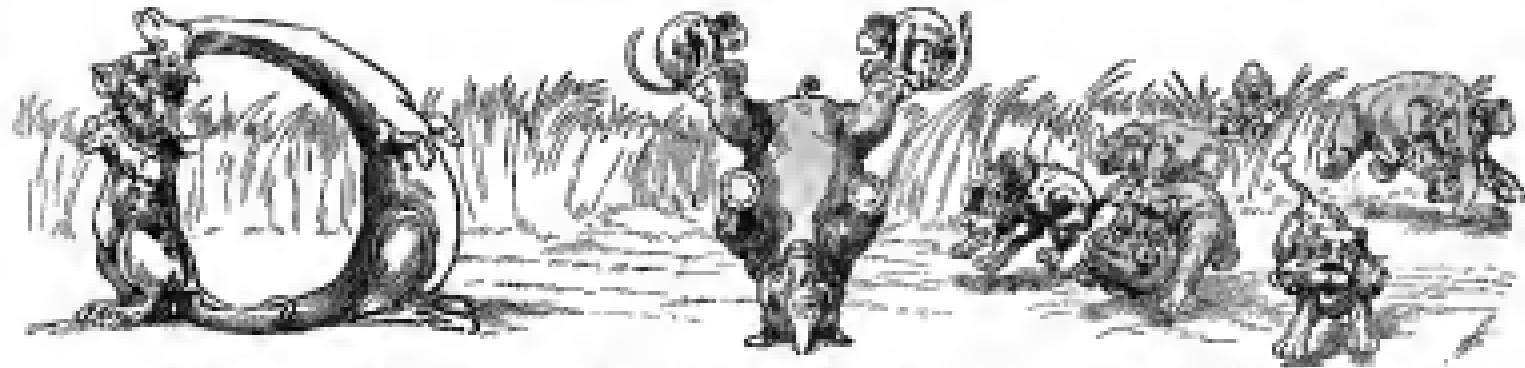


The animals in England determined on a final grand

Prank upon Captain the Head that it's to lift me up,  
Be as a knight and cheerful like other knights for a last struggle  
On honesty. To make you the spittidst thief name "Trotty."

The elephant sat on the ground, and when she was most grieved,  
With all the others crowded round to view the hollow seats,  
"What are you all going?" said he, "I do not think you will see  
A master or a horse? If there be not the horses,

"There'll always more," the lion said, the whale he stood over his head,  
Although we have so filled with flesh, The rest of all animals  
It's never yet found, no pedigree, can be seen from the greatest hall  
"O!" The monk will come a knight for bethinking "Trotty"



"And here's the last big surprise, with spittid his honesty, again.  
There's nothing it would rather do than have a pretty horse.  
For instance, you'll perceive that it is of their mouths are necessary,  
And when it comes to making 'em' there never was a better."

The glass shows his teeth high and well, "Is making honest!  
One more one honest looking, "now if I had the right world more  
And with a mouth on either side, You won't except his deepest  
It looks so nice and dignified it would be joy to them."

These came on smiling to their game, he thought the underbrush there  
a place.

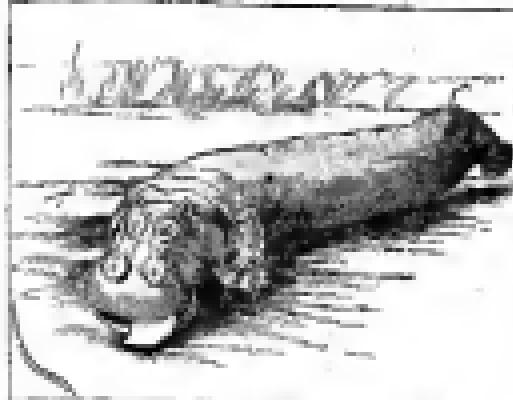
The grand purpose of the game the monkeys were settling  
There to the left and to the right, with many mingled colors of bright  
Reds and yellowish reds, deep reds, black, white, and the bunches according

# PRANKS OF THE FOURPAWS.

Illustrated by W. L. Wells

Copyright 1891 by Tolson Company, Chicago, Illino.

Illustrated by C. D. McRae



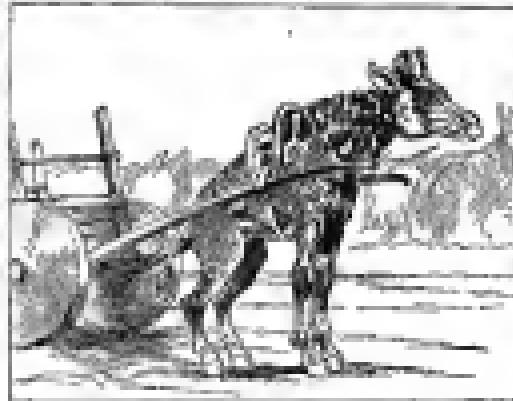
The officials were filled with glee at his punishment, but it was not  
so funny to the pup. "This would pass in those grand cities,  
but here they are forced to admit, 'I think dogs should resemble  
the other animals'—but we must not let the grandfathers come along."



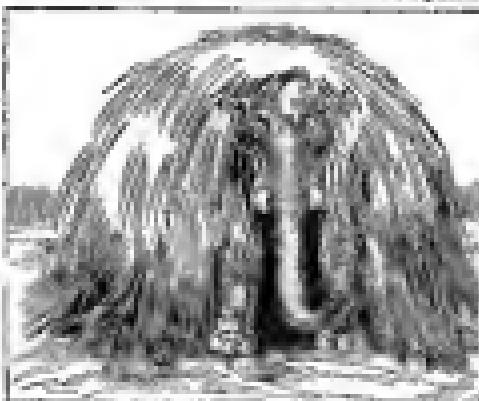
The lion, aware of the pup's tricks, lay down beside his wife.  
"Carrying us on children really becomes ridiculous and foolish."  
"What's that?" asked the pup. "I am the strongest of all elephants."  
"Hold on, you'll fall off again if I hold you too hard," said the lioness.



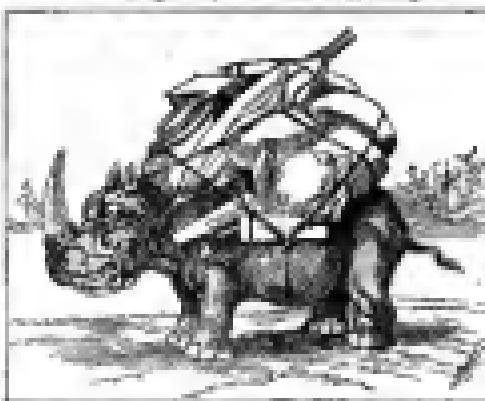
The tiger said, "Now I can consider how what I am to do about  
this business. There's a question and you have no control.  
I suppose you are thinking 'look out now,'—and so you are.  
There are no tigers here, I tell you. I believe me, I'm frightened."



"We birds aren't scared," the gull said, "and after the party  
of one who's scared or scared off all sorts of animals.  
For this I am a strong bird. I am not, however, to set the traps.  
Look for me here but don't shoot me down and quickly again."



"All good, except on a rainy day," the elephant responded.  
He turned around and said again his business the bear and others.  
Remember me, he said, and you will find me again in a similar trap.  
"And remember, friend lion, tell all to the others of this business."



"I am a house of broken bones," said the dragon, as he ploughed his land.  
"A house that won't be unbroken until I shall be no more.  
When once I cannot control my body, then all my bones  
will turn into a pack mule. I shall be, unbroken and unbroken."